

C A R O L I

Τῷ Μακρείτῳ

ΠΑΛΙΓΓΕΝΕΣΙΑ.

Charles I., King, etc. [Elegies, etc.]
K

L O N D O N,

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M D C X L I X.

CAROLI



1000
The History of the County of
1000



C A R O L I

To Manuelis Pauli Jeremiae

I Come, but come with trembling, lest I prove
 Th' unequall Greete of *Semele* and *Jove*.
 As *She* was too *obscure*, and *He* too *bright*,
 My *Theame's* too *heavy*, and my *Pen* too *light*.
 And whilst, like *Midas*, I presume to sit
 In wise *Apollo's* *Chaire*, without *HIS* wit,
 Is it not just t' expect, that *He*, who *dares*
 Higher then *Midas*, should wear longer *Eares*?
 May I not feare *Patroclus* *Fate*, and feele
 The dangerous honour of *Achilles* *steele*?
 Just like that *busie* *Else*, whose vent'rous *Pride*
 Found none but *Titan* *Titan's* *Coach* could guide?
 Why, *Hee'l* not stand in *Verse*. Can I enclose
Him, whom the greatest *Liberty* of *Prose*
 Wants roome to hold? And whose *unweildy* *Name*
 Is big enough to fill the *Trump* of *Fame*?
An Individuall species? like the *Sun*,
 At once a *Multitude*, and yet but *One*?
One of such vast *Importance*, that *He* fell
 The *Festivall* of *Heav'n*, and *England's* *Hell*?
One, who for *Eminence* was these two things,
 * *The Last of Christians*, and the *First of Kings*?

* De *Catone* verus dictum, *Ultimus Romanorum*, *Primus* *Hominum*.

One so diffusive, that he liv'd to all,
 And *One* that dy'd the whole world's *Funerall* :
 For *Charles* being thus *dismounted*, and the *Swaine*
High-shoo'd Bóotes leapt into the *Waine*,
 Is not old *Beldame Nature* truly said
 T'advance her *Heeles*, and stand upon her *Head* :
 Does not the *Judge*, and *Law* too for a need,
 The *Stirrop* hold, whilst *Treason* mounts the *Steed*?
 Is not *Gods Word*, and's *Providence* besides
 Us'd as a *Laquay*, whilst th' *white Devill* rides :
 Sure *all things* thus into *Confusion* hurld
 Make, though an *Universe*, yet not a *World*.
 And so our *Soveraigne's*, like our *Saviour's Passion*,
 Becomes a kinde of *Doomesday* to the *Nation*.

If *Dead men* did not walke, 'twould be admir'd
 (The *Breath* of all our *Nostrills* thus *expir'd*)
 What 't is that gives us *Motion*. And can I,
 Who want *my selfe*, write *Him* an *Elegie* :

Though *Virgil* turn'd *Evangelist*, and wrote,
 Not from his *Tripod*, but *God's Altar* taught ;
 Though all the *Poets* of the *Age* should fit
 In *Inquest* of *Invention*, and *club wit*,
 To make *words Epigrams* ; should they combine
 To *crowd* whole *stock* of *Francie* in *each line* ;
 Sell the *Free-simple* to advance one *summe*,
 (As *Eglis* spake but *once*, and then liv'd *dumb*)
 'Twere all as *inarticulate*, and *weake*,
 As when those men make *signes*, that cannot *speake*.
 But where the *Theme* *confounds* us, * 'tis a sort

* Μεγάλως απολιθῶναι, ἀμαρτῆμ' ἐνθῆναι. Longin.

(3)

Of glorious *Merit*; Proudly to fall short.
Despaire sometimes gives gives courage; any one
May liſſe him out, who can be ſpoke by none;
None but a *King*; No *King*, unleſſe He be
As *Wiſe*, as *Juſt*, as *Good*, as *Great* as He.

When *Late Poſterity* ſhall run t'advise
With *Time's impartiall Register*, how *Wiſe*
This *Great one* was, they'l finde it there inroll'd;
That He was ne'r in's *Nonage*, but borne old.
View him whilſt *Prince of Wales*, and it appears
His *wiſdome* did ſo antedate his yeares,
That He was Ful i'th' *Bud*, and's *Soule* divine,
Neflor, might be *Great-Grandfather* to thine.
View him agen, where he ſo ripe was grown,
As not to riſe, but drop into a *Throne*.
How did thoſe *rayes of Maſteſty*, which were
Scatter'd in other *Kings*, concenter here?
As if h'ad got *King Sapers ſphere*, and prov'd
How each *Intelligence* his *Orbe* had mov'd;
Wiſe Charles, like them, ſate ſteering at two *Helmes*,
King of himſelf, but *Father* of his *Realmes*.
And juſt as if old *Trismegistus Cup*
Had by his *Thirſty Soule* been all drunk up,
His *underſtanding* did begirt this *All*,
As t'were *Ecliptick*, or *Meridionall*.
Suppoſe a *Dyet* of all *Chriſtian Kings*
And *Bishops* too, conven'd to weigh the things
Of *Church* and *State*: Nay adde *Inferiour* men,
Thoſe of the *Sword*, the *Penſill*, and the *Pen*,

From th'Scepter to the Sheep-hook, Charles in all
 Must have been *Umpire Oecumenicall*.
 He liv'd a *Perpendicular*; The *Thread*
 His *Wisdom* was; *Humility* the *Lead*,
 By which he measur'd *Men* and *Things*; took aime-
 At actions *crooked*, and at actions *plaine*.
 He and all from him into *Cubes* did fall,
 And yet as perfect as the *Circle*, all.

'Twas He took *Nature's Breadth*, & *Depth*, & *Hight*,
 Knew the just difference 'twixt *Wrong*, and *Right*.
 He saw the *points* of things, could justly hit,
 What *Must* be done, what *May*, what's *just*, what *fit*.
 As if, like *Moses*, he had had resort
 Unto Gods *Councell*, ere he was of's *Court*.
 Hence his Religion was his *choice*, not *Fate*,
 Rul'd by Gods *Word*, not *Interest* of *State*.
Others may thank their *Stars*, He his *Inquest*,
 Who, *sounding* all sides, anchor'd in the *best*.
 His *Crown* contain'd a *Miter*, He did twist
Moses and *Aaron*, *King* and *Casuit*.

When the *Mahometan* or *Pope* shall looke
 On his Soule's best *Interpreter*, his *Booke*;
 His *Booke*, his *Life*, his *Death*, will henceforth be
 The *Church* of *England's* best *Apologie*.

Thus *Dove* and *Serpent* kiss'd, as if they meant
 To render him as *wise*, so *innocent*.
 His owne good *Genius* knew not, whether were
 His *Heart* more *single*, or his *Head* more *cleare*.
Virtue was his *Prerogative*; and thus
 Charles rul'd the *King*, before the *King* rul'd *Us*.

He

He knew that to *command*, his only way
 Was first to teach his Passions to *obey*.
 And his incessant waiting on God's Throne
 Gave him such meek *reflexions* on his *owne*,
 That, being forc't to *censure*, he exprest
 A *Judges Office* with a *Mothers breast*.
 And when some *sturdy violence* began
 T'unsheath his *Sword*, unwilling to be drawn,
 He but *destroy'd* (and so soft *mercy* can)
 The *Malefactor*, to preserve the *Man*.
 Even *Hell's blind Fourny-men*, those *Sons of Night*
 Who looke on *scarlet-murder*, and think't *white*,
 Unwillingly confests'd, The only thing
 Which made him guilty was, *That He was King*.
 He was *Incaruate Justice*, and 'tis said
Astraea liv'd in him, yet dy'd a *Maid*.

We want an *Emblem* for him: *Phæbus* must
 Stand still in *Libra*, to speak *Charles the Just*.
 And yet though he were such, that nothing lesse
 Then *Vertue's Meane* stretch'd to a *just Excesse*
 Flew from his Soule; He, like the *Sun*, was known
 To see all *excellence*, except his *owne*.
 His Modesty was *such*, that All which *He*
 'Ere spake or thought of's *selfe*, was *Calumny*;
 But yet so mixt with *state*, that one might see
 It made him not lesse *Kingly*, but *more free*.
 He was not like those *Princes*, who t'expresse
 A learned *surfeit*, a *sublime excesse*,
 Send to *dispeople* all the *Sea of Fish*,
 Depopulate the *Aire* to make one *dish*,

(Such

(Such *skillfull Luxuries*, as onely serve
To make their *minds* more *plentifully sterve*.)
Whatever *Dainties* fill'd his *Board* by *chance*,
His onely *constant Dish* was (a) *Temperance*.
His *Virtue* did so *limit* him, his *Court*
Impli'd his *Cloyster*; and his very *sport*
Was *Self-deniall*. Nay, though he were seene
So *roab'd* in *purple*, and so *match'd* t' a *Queene*,
As made him glitter like a *Noon-day Sun*,
Yet still his *Soule* wore *sackcloth*, and liv'd *Nun*.

(b) *Simeon* the *Stylite* in his *Pillar* pent
Might live more *strict*, but not more *innocent*.

So *wise*, so *just*, so *good*, so *great* and all,
What is't could set him *higher*, but his *fall* ?
When he caught up by a *Celestiall Train*
Began his *second*, and more *solid Raigne*.
How to that *Heaven* did this *Pilot steer*
'Twixt th' *Independent*, and the *Presbyter*,
Plac'd in the *confines* of two *shipwracks* ? thus
The *Greeks* are seated 'twixt the *Turks* and *Us*.
Whom did *Byzantium* free, *Rome* would condemn;
And free'd from *Rome*, they are enslav'd by *them*.
So plac'd betwixt a *Precipice* and *Wolfe*,
There the *Aegaan*, here the *Venice-gulfe*,
What with the *rising* and the *setting Sun*,
By these th' are *hated*, and by those *undon*.

(a) Evagr. l. i. c. 21. de Monach. quibus d. ἐχθροὶ καὶ ἰδίων βουλῶ-
σεων, καὶ τῆς φύσεως ἐκδόλοι, παρδασίαν καὶ νησιάν ἔχουσι, καὶ τε-
πεζαν διακορῇ, τὸ μὲν (οἶον) ἐπορεύετο. (b) Evagr. l. i. c. 13.
ὁ ἐν σαρκὶ αἰγύλιος ὁ Σιμεὼν, ὁ ἐν σαρκὶ τῆς ἀνω ἱερουσαλὴμ Πω-
λίτης.

Thus

Thus *virtue's* hemm'd with *vices*, &, though either
Solicite's her consent, she yeilds to neither.

Nay thus our *Saviour*, to enhance his griefe,
Was hung betwixt a *Murderer*, and a *Thiefe*.

Now *Charles* as *King*, and as a *good King* too
Being *Christs* adopted selfe, was both to *doe*
And *suffer* like him ; both to live and die
So much more *humble*, as he was more *high*
Then his owne *Subjects*. He was thus to tread
In the same footsteps, and submit his Head
To the same *thornes* : when *spit* upon, and *beat*,
To make his *Conscience* serve for his *retreat*,
And *overcome* by *suffering* : To take up
His *Saviour's Crosse*, and pledge him in his *Cup*.

Since then our *Soveraigne*, by just account,
Liv'd o're our *Saviours Sermon* in the Mount,
And did all Christian Precepts so reduce,
That's *Life* the *Doctrine* was, his *Death* the *Use* ;
Posterity will say, he should have dy'd
No other *Death*, then by being *Crucifi'd*.

And their renown'd't *Epocha* will be
Great Charles his *Death*, next *Christ's* *Nativity*.
Thus *Treason's* grown most *Orthodox* ; who since
They said they'd [*make him the most glorious Prince*
In all the Christian World,] 'tis plaine, this way
They onely *promis'd*, what they meant to *pay*.

For now (besides that *beatifick Vision*
Where all *desire* is lost into *fruition*)
The *stones* they hurled at him, with intent
To *crush* his *fame*, have prov'd his *monument*.

Their

Their *Libel's* his best *Obeliske* ; To have
 A fit *Mausöle*, were to want a *Grave* ;
 His *Scaffold*, like *Mount Tabor*, will in story
 Become the proudest *Theater of Glory*,
 Next to the *blessed Crosse* : and thus 'tis sense,
 T'affirme him *murder'd* in his *owne Defence*.
 For though all *Hells Artillery* and skill
 Combin'd together to *besiege* his *Will* ;
 And when their *malice* could not bring't about
 To hurt *God's Image*, they raz'd *Adam's* out ;
 (Like men repuls'd, whose *Choler* thinke's it witty
 To burne the *Suburbs*, when they can't the *City*)
 Howe're they *storm'd* his *walls*, & *drain'd* his *blood*,
 Which *moted* round his *Soule* ; yet still he stood
Defender of the Faith, and (that which He
 Found sweeter then revenge) his *Charity*.

This then the utmost was their rage could doe,
 [It shew'd him *King* of his *afflictions* too.]
Untempted virtue is but coldly good,
 (As she's scarce *chast*, that's so but in *cold blood*)
 To scorne base *Quarter* is the best escape,
 (As *Lucrece* dy'd the *chaster* for her rape)
 These two did *Charles* his *virtue* most befriend,
 His *glorious hardships* first, and then his end.
Death we forgive thee and thy *Bourreaux* too,
 Since what did seem *thy rape*, prove's but *his due*.
 For how could he be said to fall too soone,
 Whose *green* was *mellow*, & whose *dawn* was *noone* ?
 Since *Charles* was onely by thy *curteous knife*
Redeemd from this great *injury* of life

To one so lasting, that 'tis truly said
 Not *He*, but his *mortality* is dead. —
 To weep his Death's the *treason* of our eyes;
 Our *Sun* did onely set, that he might rise.

But we doe *mock*, not *cheat* our *griefe*, and sit
 Only at best t'*upbraid* our selves in *wit*,
 And *want* him *learnedly* : such *colours* doe
Disguise disasters, not *delude* them too.
 For though, I must confesse, a Poet can
 Fancy things *better* than another man,
 He can *but* fancie 'um; and all his paines
 Is but to fill his *belly* with his *braines*.
 He may both *Petrify'd* and *famish'd* sit,
 That *weares* his *thoughts*, and onely *dine's* on *wit*.
 Were I a *Polypus*, and could go on
 To be those very things I *think* upon,
 I would not then complaine : but since I know
 To *call* things *thus*, is not to *make* them so,
Great Charles is *slaine* : and say we what we will;
 Yet we shall find, *judgements* are *judgements* still.
 For though 'tis true, that his *now-immense* Soule
 Doth hold commensuration with each *Pole*;
 Though he doth shine a *Star* more *fixt* and bright
 Then where the *yeare* make's but *one day* and *night*;
 And, least he fill the *Zodiack*, doth appeare
 Not in the *Eighth*, but *Empyreaan* Sphere;
 Yet we his *Rise* may our *Descension* call,
 As *Libra's* mounting is poore *Aries* fall.
 He was the onely *Moses* that could stand

Be-

Betwixt the *finnes* and *judgments* of the Land.
 And what can we expect, our *Lot* be'ng gon,
 But that a *Hell* from *Heav'n* should tumble down
 On our more sinfull *Sodom* ? (unlesse we
 Are *damn'd* yet worse, to an *impunity*.)
Kings are *Gods* once remov'd. It hence appears
 No *Court* but *Heav'ns* can trie them by their *Peers*.
 So that for *Charles the Good* to have been try'd
 And cast by mortall Votes, was *Deicide*.
 No *Sin*, except the *first*, hath ever past
 So black as this ; no *judgment*, but the *last*.
 How does our *Delos*, which so lately stood
 Unmov'd, lie floating in her *Pilot's blood* ?
 And can we hope to *Anchor*, who discern
 Nought but the *tempest* ruling at the *Sterne* ;
 Whil'st *Pluto's Rival*, with his *Saints* by's side,
 Drawn by the *Spirit* of *avarice* and *Pride*,
 Being fairly placed in the *Chaire* of *scorne*
 Sits brewing *Teares* for *Infants* yet *unborne* ?
 Vast *stocks* of *misery*, which his *Guardian-rage*
 Does husband for them till they come to *age* ?
 When *future times* shall look what *Plagues* befell
Egypt and *Us*, by way of *Parallel*,
 They'l find at once presented to their *view*
 The *Frogs* and *Lice*, and *Independents* too.
 Only this *signal difference* will be knowne
 'Twixt those *Egyptian* judgments and our *owne*,
 Those were *God's Army's*; but th' effect doth tell
 That these our *Vermin* are the *Host of Hell*.
Pausanias and *Herastratus* will looke

Like

Like *Pygmy-Sinners* writ in *Times black-booke*.
 The *Spanish Fleet*, and *Powder-plot* will lack
 Their usuall *mentions* in our *Almanack*.

— Nay, which is more, (c) *Alaricus* his name
 Will scarce be legible i'th' leaves of fame,
 When *Cromwell* shall be read. Nature was ne're
 So blessedly reform'd, since *Lucifer*.

O for a *Jeremy* to lament our woe !

From whom such tragick *Rhetorick* might flow,
 As would become our misery, and dresse
 Our sorrows with a dreadfull gaudiness !

For next those hovering judgements, w^{ch} the fall
 Of One so great, so good, makes *Verticall*,
 (And rushing down, may only be withstood
 If *Charles* his prayers crie lower than his blood)

I say next that, It is our second *Crosse*

We can't grieve worthy of so great a *Losse*.

To weep upon this subject, and weep sense,
 Requires we should be borne ten *Ages* hence,

The greater are the *hights* an *Artist's* hand
 Designe's to take, the farther he must stand.

And as when *Sol's* in's *Zenith*, He imply's
 His dazling glory best, that shuts his eyes,

So, where the *Theme's* ineffable, the way

To speake it is, (d) Not to know what to say.

(c) Socrat. l. 7. c. 10. hoc *Alarichi* responsum recitat. ἐκ ἐγὼ ἐθε-
 λον ἦν τὰ ἐκεῖ πορεύομαι ἀλλὰ τίς καθ' ἐκάστην ὁκλεῖ μοι βασι-
 νίζων, καὶ λέγων [ἀπιθι, σὺ Ῥωμαίων Πόρθησον πόλιν.] (d) Herod.
 l. 3. *Psammetichus* ad *Cambysem*, cum amicorū vicē lacrymis
 lugeret, suam verò silentio, τὰ μὲν οἰκνῶν κακὰ ἢν μέλει, ἢ ὥς
 ἀνακλαίειν, &c.

THE END.